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2.



JIM'S LATEST OUTBREAK.

CZAR REED, } (together). — Confound him! He won't stay bottled up!
NAPOLEON MCKINLEY, }



PUCK,
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Editor - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, July 30th, 1890.—No. 699.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

PARTY, *n.* (Fr. *partie*, from *L. pars*. See PART.) A number of persons united in opinion or design, in opposition to others in the community. It differs from *faction*, in implying a less dishonorable association, or more justifiable designs.

This was Webster's definition of the word in 1850. Webster, in 1850, did not know the Republican party of 1890—or perhaps he would have called it a faction. Let us see how far his old definition fits the new Republican party. That body is certainly "a number of persons"—far less than a majority of the whole community, and steadily decreasing in size—but still "a number of persons." "United in opinion" comes next. Are the Republicans united in opinion? If they are, in what opinion are they united?

In any opinion concerning the Tariff, or that Protective System of which they talk so glibly—when they feel sure that no action is likely to follow their talk? We doubt it. All through this session of Congress the Republicans have been pottering over a bill to amend the present tariff laws; and their innumerable discussions seem to have established but one fact—that there are as many opinions about that tariff bill as there are taxable articles in the tariff list. We have failed to discover the slightest sign of unity of opinion on this most important question. Their opponents, the Democrats, seem to be well united in the opinion that the tariff should



A SERIOUS QUESTION.

MRS. WELLESLEY VASSAR.—Why are you so dejected, Miranda? You have every reason to be elated after having taken the senior prize in classics; and your essay on Deductive Philosophy won the admiration of all the faculty. So well equipped a girl should—

MIRANDA VASSAR.—That's just the trouble; how—how can I find a husband who is able to sew buttons on, and cook, and mind the—the—oh! (Weeps.)

be reduced wherever there is the remotest possibility of reduction. But the Republican party is of more than one mind on this subject. Some Republicans think that a general reduction of duties would be wise. Some think that a general increase of duties is absolutely necessary. Some take the whole business as a matter of details, and want to see the duty raised here and lowered there, and stricken off entirely in the other place.

And even these last do not agree among themselves. The man who wants a duty on hides may think that sugar and tin-plates should be free, while his colleague, who believes in free hides, may feel inclined to extend that freedom to sugar, or, at least, to let sugar off with a small tax, while he would clap a prohibitory duty on tin-plates, if it were not for his other colleague, who points out to him that there are no tin-plates made in this country, and that the galvanized-iron manufacturers can not yet supply the whole country with a substitute for sheet-tin. And as this other colleague is ardently advocating the high taxation of Australian wools, which can not be raised in this country, the situation becomes so complicated that not even the most indurated Republican can assert that there is any thing like unity of opinion in the Republican party so far as the tariff is concerned.

The tariff question is the question of the hour; but the Force-Bill is the question of the moment. It is one of the forms in which the eternal question of centralization presents itself. The Force-Bill, so called, is designed to turn over to the Federal authorities the control of elections for Members of Congress; and, practically, to make the party dominant at Washington the sole judge and manager of those elections. If it passes Congress in its present form, and receives the sanction of the President, it provides about the most perfect system that can be devised for keeping the Republican party in power forever—in fact, of making of their last victory a "finality," as one prominent Republican put it—whether the people wish it or do not wish it. One would think that the Republican party would be united in opinion on this point if on no other. And yet we are credibly informed that there are at least a handful of Republicans in the Senate who prefer to stick to the present system of popular suffrage, and let the states elect their own representatives, as the framers of the Constitution meant that they should.

Are there any other questions now before Congress of such magnitude that those who hold opposed opinions upon them may be said, from that fact, to form political parties? We can not think of any, now under discussion, which approach in importance the two we have mentioned. And on these, it seems, the Republican party is decidedly *not* united in opinion. But there is more to that definition. A party may be "a number of persons" who are "united in"—not only opinion, but "design." That seems to make the Republican party come within the definition. The Republicans are certainly united in one design—to get all the offices, and keep them whether they deserve them or whether they do not, whether they are elected to them or not, whether they fill them well or ill!

But is this just what might fairly be called a "justifiable design?" Is association for the accomplishment of such ends honorable or dishonorable association? Is it not just exactly the design and the association which the lexicographer had in mind when he carefully distinguished the meaning of "faction" from that of "party," and indicated the odium which should attach to the meaner word? In short, is it not true that the Republican party has no rational claim to the honorable name of Party, and no right to call itself more than a faction—an office-grabbing, vote-buying, patronage-bartering faction?

It was a party. It was the greatest party that this country has ever known. It was a party led by high-principled, unselfish patriots, (now in their graves, the most and the best of them,) who gravely accepted an unparalleled responsibility, and bravely performed a mighty task. But it was a party in those days because these men were united in opinions that involved great principles, and in designs only to be carried out by fine intelligence, unconquerable zeal, and a noble courage. The principles which formed their opinions are to-day the principles of every man in this country who is capable of possessing a principle or forming an opinion. There is no division of opinion in this community as to those principles. North and South, East and West, they are accepted by all men. No man has a right to lay claim to them as a partisan possession.

It is a gross wrong and a cruel insult to the memory of the men who founded the Republican party that its name should have been stolen by a horde of conscienceless office-mongers, and prostituted to their base uses. The Republican politicians of to-day are no more a party, in the sense that the followers of Lincoln, Sumner, Chase and Seward were a party than the men who invade a temple and turn it into a slave-mart are priests and ministers of God. To call them a faction is to dignify their ends, and to call them a party is to disgrace a word that has been borne with honor by men who lived and died for the highest aims of patriotism.



VERY SHOCKING.

MISS SHOPPELL (*on Fourteenth Street*).—Great heavens! My pocket-book is gone! (*Faints*.)

JACK THE PRIGGER (*around the corner*).—WHAT! Key-ring, button-hook, hair-pin, samples, bridge tick—(*Faints*).

WATERED STOCK.

"You seem to be very fond of soup, Mr. Skiparlor," remarked the landlady, as he asked for a second help.

"Yes," he returned, with a meaning of his own; "especially thin soups."

A SKELETON IN THE CLOSET.

"Yes," facetiously remarked the clerk in the President's office, while making an annual, "this is our pass time."

"Alas!" murmured the haggard-looking stockholder, "back of every worldly pleasure there is a dead-head."

WHERE CAN I a fabric find
That will suit this torrid weather?
It must stand both sun and wind,
Yet be airy as a feather;
And for color, sure, it must
Match this dreadful Broadway dust!



INGENUOUSNESS AT SEA.

LORD HEWGAG.—That's me cousin Weltingham just coming up. He won the last Derby.

MISS AUSTIN (*of Texas*).—That's nothing. Papa won two sombreros, a wolf-skin cap, and three plug hats on Mr. Harrison's election.

A VALUABLE AUXILIARY.

CLERK.—There's a lady outside with a child, sir, who says she would like to see you on business.

BUSY LAWYER.—H'm! Another divorce case, I suppose. Well, show her in, Quibble.

One Minute Later.

THE STRANGER (*opening her sachel*).—Now, Johnny, you just sit on the sofa and be quiet, while I speak to the gentleman. I have here, sir, a History of Art in Timbuctoo, which is to be completed in fifty-five parts, etc., etc. (*We drop the curtain.*)

THE RIGHT SPIRIT.

"I see," he observed, walking into the sanctum, "that you need the services of a leader writer on your editorial column?"

"That position has been filled, sir," was the reply.

He sighed.

"I notice also," he went on, "that you advertise for a person to address envelopes. Is that position still open?"

"It is, sir."

"Then I'll take it."



A VERY SNUG ONE.

MISS SERGE.—Oh, Culbert! I'm sure Mr. Dishrow is having a fit!

HER BROTHER.—Yes; it's that one-piece Jersey-wave bathing-suit of his. He'll be out of it shortly.

A DISAGREEMENT.

CLERK OF THE COURT.—Well, gentlemen, have you arrived at a verdict?

FOREMAN OF JURY.—Yes, sir; two of them!

LET THE COBBLER STICK TO HIS LAST.

Two convicts had just been discharged from Sing Sing.

"What were you put in for?" asked the first.

"Making counterfeit notes," answered the second.

"What are you going to do now?"

"Become a dealer in autographs. What were you put in for?"

"Extorting money under false pretenses."

"And what are you going to do now?"

"Become a private detective."

KEEPING THE OLD MAN BUSY.

MISS FONDUV.—Have you seen Papa?

MRS. FONDUV.—Yes; I found him figuring in the library, and induced him to stop long enough to listen to my plans for spending August at the seashore.

MISS FONDUV.—And where is Papa now?

MRS. FONDUV.—Oh, he's still figuring.





III.

THE NICE PEOPLE.

"THEY certainly are nice people," I assented to my wife's observation, using the colloquial phrase with a consciousness that it was any thing but "nice" English, "and I'll bet that their three children are better brought up than most of—"

"Two children," corrected my wife.

"Three, he told me."

"My dear, she said there were two."

"He said three."

"You've simply forgotten. I'm sure she told me they had only two—a boy and a girl."

"Well, I did n't enter into particulars."

"No, dear, and you could n't have understood him. Two children."

"All right," I said; but I did not think it was all right. As a near-sighted man learns by enforced observation to recognize persons at a distance when the face is not visible to the normal eye, so the man with a bad memory learns, almost unconsciously, to listen carefully and report accurately.

My memory is bad; but I had not had time to forget that Mr. Brewster Brede had told me that afternoon that he had three children, at present left in the care of his mother-in-law, while he and Mrs. Brede took their Summer vacation.

"Two children," repeated my wife; "and they are staying with his aunt Jenny."

"He told me with his mother-in-law," I put in. My wife looked at me with a serious expression. Men may not remember much of what they are told about children; but any man knows the difference between an aunt and a mother-in-law.

"But don't you think they're nice people?" asked my wife.

"Oh, certainly," I replied. "Only they seem to be a little mixed up about their children."

"That is n't a nice thing to say," returned my wife.

I could not deny it.

And yet, the next morning, when the Bredes came down and seated themselves opposite us at table, beaming and smiling in their natural, pleasant, well-bred fashion, I knew, to a social certainty, that they were "nice" people. He was a fine-looking fellow in his neat tennis-flannels, slim, graceful, twenty-eight or thirty years old, with a Frenchy pointed beard. She was "nice"

in all her pretty clothes, and she herself was pretty with that type of prettiness which outwears most other types—the prettiness that lies in a rounded figure, a dusky skin, plump, rosy cheeks, white teeth and black eyes. She might have been twenty-five; you guessed that she was prettier than she was at twenty, and that she would be prettier still at forty.

And nice people were all we wanted to make us happy in Mr. Jacobus's Summer boarding-house on top of Orange Mountain. For a week we had come down to breakfast each morning, wondering why we wasted the precious days of idleness with the company gathered around the Jacobus board. What joy of human companionship was to be had out of Mrs.

Tabb and Miss Hoogencamp, the two middle-aged gossips from Scranton, Pa.—out of Mr. and Mrs. Biggle, an indurated head-bookkeeper and his prim and censorious wife—out of old Major Halkit, a retired business man,

who, having once sold a few shares on commission, wrote for circulars of every stock company that was started, and tried to induce everyone to invest who would listen to him? We looked around at those dull faces, the truthful indices of mean and barren minds, and decided that we would leave that morning. Then we ate Mrs. Jacobus's biscuit, light as Aurora's cloudlets, drank her honest coffee, inhaled the perfume of the late azaleas with which she decked her table, and decided to postpone our departure one more day. And then we wandered out to take our morning glance at what we called "our view;" and it seemed to us as if Tabb and Hoogencamp and Halkit and the Biggleses could not drive us away in a year.

I was not surprised when, after breakfast, my wife invited the Bredes to walk with us to "our view." The Hoogencamp-Biggie-Tabb-Halkit contingent never stirred off Jacobus's verandah; but we both felt that the Bredes would not profane that sacred scene. We strolled slowly across the fields, passed through the little belt of woods, and as I heard Mrs. Brede's little cry of startled rapture, I motioned to Brede to look up.

"By Jove!" he cried, "heavenly!"

We looked off from the brow of the mountain over fifteen miles of billowing green, to where, far across a far stretch of pale blue lay a dim purple line that we knew was Staten Island. Towns and villages lay before us and under us; there were ridges and hills, uplands and lowlands, woods and plains, all massed and mingled in that great silent sea of sunlit green. For silent it was to us, standing in the silence of a high place—silent with a Sunday stillness that made us listen, without

taking thought, for the sound

of bells coming up from the spires that rose above the tree-tops—the tree-tops that lay as far beneath us as the light clouds were above us that dropped great shadows upon our heads and faint specks of shade upon the broad sweep of land at the mountain's foot.

"And so that is your view?" asked Mrs. Brede, after a moment: "you are very generous to make it ours too."

Then we lay down on the grass, and Brede began to talk, in a gentle voice, as if he felt the influence of the place. He had paddled a canoe, in his earlier days, he said, and he knew every river and creek in that vast stretch of landscape. He found his land-marks, and pointed out to us where the Passaic and the Hackensack flowed, invisible to us, hidden behind great ridges that in our sight were but combings of the green waves upon which we looked down. And yet, on the further side of those broad ridges and rises were scores of villages—a little world of country life, lying unseen under our eyes.

"A good deal like looking at humanity," he said: "there is such a thing as getting so far above our fellow-men that we see only one side of them."

Ah, how much better was this sort of talk than the chatter and gossip of the Tabb and the Hoogencamp—than the Major's dissertations upon his everlasting circulars! My wife and I exchanged glances.

"Now, when I went up the Matterhorn," Mr. Brede began.

"Why, dear," interrupted his wife; "I did n't know you ever went up the Matterhorn."

"It—it was five years ago," said Mr. Brede, hurriedly. "I—I did n't tell you—when I was on the other side, you know—it was rather dangerous—well, as I was saying—it looked—oh, it did n't look at all like this."

A cloud floated overhead, throwing its great shadow over the field



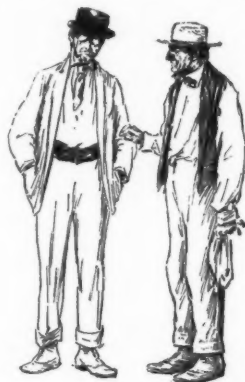
where we lay. The shadow passed over the mountain's brow, and reappeared far below, a rapidly decreasing blot, flying eastward over the golden green. My wife and I exchanged glances once more.

Somehow, the shadow lingered over us all. As we went home, the Bredes went side by side along the narrow path, and my wife and I walked together.

"Should you think," she asked me, "that a man would climb the Matterhorn the first year he was married?"

"I don't know, my dear," I answered, evasively; "this is n't the first year I have been married, not by a good many, and I would n't climb it — for a farm."

"You know what I mean," she said. I did.



When we reached the boarding-house, Mr. Jacobus took me aside.

"You know," he began his discourse, "my wife, she used to live in N' York!"

I did n't know; but I said Yes.

"She says the numbers on the streets runs criss-cross, like. Thirty-four's on one side o' the street an' thirty-five on t'other. How's that?"

"That is the invariable rule, I believe."

"Then — I say — these here new folk that you 'n' your wife seem so mighty taken up with — d'ye know any thing about 'em?"

"I know nothing about the character of your boarders, Mr. Jacobus," I replied, conscious of some irritability. "If I choose to associate with any of them —"

"Jess so — jess so!" broke in Jacobus. "I hain't nothin' to say ag'inst yer sosherbil'ty. But do ye *know* them?"

"Why, certainly not," I replied.

"Well — that was all I wuz askin' ye. Ye see, when *he* come here to take the rooms — you was n't here then — he told my wife that he lived at number thirty-four in his street. An' yistiddy he told her that he lived at number thirty-five. He said he lived in an apartment-house. Now there can't be no apartment-house on two sides of the same street, kin they?"

"What street was it?" I inquired, wearily.

"Hunderd 'n' twenty-first street."

"May be," I replied, still more wearily. "That's Harlem. Nobody knows what people will do in Harlem."

I went up to my wife's room.

"Don't you think it's queer?" she asked me.

"I think I'll have a talk with that young man to-night," I said, "and see if he can give some account of himself."

"But, my dear," my wife said, gravely, "*she* does n't know whether they've had the measles or not."

"Why, Great Scott!" I exclaimed, "they must have had them when they were children."

"Please don't be stupid," said my wife. "I meant *their* children."

After dinner that night — or rather, after supper, for we had dinner in the middle of the day at Jacobus's — I walked down the long verandah to ask Brede, who was placidly smoking at the other end, to accompany me on a twilight stroll. Half way down I met Major Halkit.

"That friend of yours," he said, indicating the unconscious figure at the further end of the house, "seems to be a queer sort of Dick. He told me that he was out of business, and just looking 'round for a chance to invest his capital. And I've been telling him what an everlasting big show he had to take stock in the Capitoline Trust Company — starts next month — four million capital — I told you all about it. 'Oh, well,' he says, 'let's wait and think about it.' 'Wait!' says I, 'the Capitoline Trust Company won't wait for *you*, my boy. This is letting you in on the ground floor,' says I, 'and it's now or never.' 'Oh, let it wait,' says he. I don't know what's in *to* the man."

"I don't know how well he knows his own business, Major," I said as I started again for Brede's end of the verandah. But I was troubled none the less. The Major could not have influenced the sale of one share of stock in the Capitoline Company. But that stock was a great investment; a rare chance for a purchaser with a few thousand dollars. Perhaps it was no more remarkable that Brede should not invest than that I should not — and yet, it seemed to add one circumstance more to the other suspicious circumstances.

When I went upstairs that evening, I found my wife putting her hair to bed — I don't know how I can better describe an operation familiar to every married man. I waited until the last tress was coiled up, and then I spoke.

"I've talked with Brede," I said, "and I did n't have to catechize him. He seemed to feel that some sort of explanation was looked for, and he was very outspoken. You were right about the children — that is, I

must have misunderstood him. There are only two. But the Matterhorn episode was simple enough. He did n't realize how dangerous it was until he had got so far into it that he could n't back out; and he did n't tell her, because he'd left her here, you see, and under the circumstances —"

"Left her here!" cried my wife. "I've been sitting with her the whole afternoon, sewing, and she told me that he left her at Geneva, and came back and took her to Basle, and the baby was born there — now I'm sure, dear, because I asked her."

"Perhaps I was mistaken when I thought he said she was on this side," I suggested, with bitter, biting irony.

"You poor dear, did I abuse you?" said my wife. "But, do you know, Mrs. Tabb said that *she* did n't know how many lumps of sugar he took in his coffee. Now that seems queer, does n't it?"

It did. It was a small thing. But it looked queer. Very queer.

The next morning, it was clear that war was declared against the Bredes. They came down to breakfast somewhat late, and, as soon as they arrived, the Biggleses swooped up the last fragments that remained on their plates, and made a stately march out of the dining-room. Then Miss Hoogencamp arose and departed, leaving a whole fish-ball on her plate. Even as Atalanta might have dropped an apple behind her to tempt her pursuer to check his speed, so Miss Hoogencamp left that fish-ball behind her, and between her maiden self and Contamination.

We had finished our breakfast, my wife and I, before the Bredes appeared. We talked it over, and agreed that we were glad that we had not been obliged to take sides upon such insufficient testimony.

After breakfast, it was the custom of the male half of the Jacobus household to go around the corner of the building and smoke their pipes and cigars where they would not annoy the ladies. We sat under a trellis covered with a grape-vine that had borne no grapes in the memory of man. This vine, however, bore leaves, and these, on that pleasant Summer morning, shielded from us two persons who were in earnest conversation in the straggling, half-dead flower-garden at the side of the house.

"I don't want," we heard Mr. Jacobus say, "to enter into no man's *pry-vacy*; but I do want to know who it may be, like, that I hev in my house. Now what I ask of *you*, and I don't want you to take it as in no ways *personal*, is — hev you your mer-ridge-license with you?"

"No," we heard the voice of Mr. Brede reply. "Have you yours?"

I think it was a chance shot; but it told all the same. The Major (he was a widower), and Mr. Biggles and I looked at each other; and Mr. Jacobus, on the other side of the grape-trellis, looked at — I don't know what — and was as silent as we were.

Where is *your* marriage-license, married reader? Do you know? Four men, not including Mr. Brede, stood or sate on one side or the other of that grape-trellis, and not of them knew where his marriage-license was. Each of us had had one — the Major had had three. But where were they? Where is *yours*? Tucked in your best-man's pocket; deposited in his desk — or washed to a pulp in his white waistcoat (if white waistcoats be the fashion of the hour), washed out of existence — can you tell where it is? Can you — unless you are one of those people who frame that interesting document and hang it up on their drawing-room walls?

Mr. Brede's voice arose, after an awful stillness of what seemed like five minutes, and was, probably, thirty seconds:

"Mr. Jacobus, will you make out your bill at once, and let me pay it? I shall leave by the six o'clock train. And will you also send the wagon for my trunks?"

"I hain't said I wanted to hev ye leave —" began Mr. Jacobus; but Brede cut him short.

"Bring me your bill."

"But," remonstrated Jacobus, "ef ye ain't —"

"Bring me your bill!" said Mr. Brede.

My wife and I went out for our morning's walk. But it seemed to us, when we looked at "our view," as if we could only see those invisible villages of which Brede had told us — that other side of the ridges and rises of which we catch no glimpse from lofty hills or from the heights of human self-esteem. We meant to stay out until the Bredes had taken



their departure; but we returned just in time to see Pete, the Jacobus darky, the blacker of boots, the brusher of coats, the general handy-man of the house, loading the Brede trunks on the Jacobus wagon.

And, as we stepped upon the verandah, down came Mrs. Brede, leaning on Mr. Brede's arm, as though she were ill; and it was clear that she had been crying. There were heavy rings about her pretty black eyes.

My wife took a step toward her.

"Look at that dress, dear," she whispered; "she never thought any thing like this was going to happen when she put *that* on."

It was a pretty, delicate, dainty dress, a graceful, narrow-striped affair. Her hat was trimmed with a narrow-striped silk of the same colors — maroon and white — and in her hand she held a parasol that matched her dress.

"She's had a new dress on twice a day," said my wife; "but that's the prettiest yet. Oh, somehow — I'm *awfully* sorry they're going!"

But going they were. They moved toward the steps. Mrs. Brede looked toward my wife, and my wife moved toward Mrs. Brede. But the ostracised woman, as though she felt the deep humiliation of her position, turned sharply away, and opened her parasol to shield her eyes from the sun. A shower of rice — a half-pound shower of rice — fell down over her pretty hat and her pretty dress, and fell in a spattering circle on the floor, outlining her skirts — and there it lay in a broad, uneven band, bright in the morning sun.



Mrs. Brede was in my wife's arms, sobbing as if her young heart would break.

"Oh, you poor, dear, silly children!" my wife cried, as Mrs. Brede sobbed on her shoulder, "why *did n't* you tell us?"

"W-W-W-We did n't want to be t-t-taken for a b-b-b-bridal couple," sobbed Mrs. Brede; "and we d-d-did n't *dream* what awful lies we'd have to tell, and all the aw-aw-ful mixed-up-ness of it! Oh, dear, dear, dear!"

"Pete!" commanded Mr. Jacobus, "put back them trunks. These folks stays here 's long 's they wants ter. Mr. Brede—" he held out a large, hard hand — "I'd orter 've known better," he said. And my last doubt of Mr. Brede vanished as he shook that grimy hand in manly fashion.

The two women were walking off toward Our View, each with an arm about the other's waist — touched by a sudden sisterhood of sympathy.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Brede, addressing Jacobus, Biggles, the Major and me, "there is a hostelry down the street where they sell honest New Jersey beer. I recognize the obligations of the situation."

We five men filed down the street. The two women went toward the pleasant slope where the sunlight gilded the forehead of the great hill. On Mr. Jacobus's verandah lay a spattered circle of shining grains of rice. Two of Mr. Jacobus's pigeons flew down and picked up the shining grains, making grateful noises far down in their throats.



H. C. Bunner.



NOT THAT KIND OF SLAVE.

"Drinking beer? Why, I thought you were a temperance man."
"So I am; but I'm not a slave to the cold water habit."

HEARD ON THE STREET.

FIRST CITIZEN (*who has evidently just been to see "Merchant of Venice"*).—Well, you see the Jew, when he found out how it was going, he backed out.

SECOND CITIZEN.—And lost the money?

FIRST CITIZEN.—Oh, yes; you see it was this way: she was in love with the fellow the Jew got the cash for; and when the time came to pay, according to the agreement, it was either pay or cut. Well, the old man, he had n't the money; and the Jew, he was bound to have the pound of flesh; and it looked rough for the old man. Well, she dressed herself in man's clothes, and was the judge; and says she: "Jew, you're right; I find it so nominated in the bond. But, Jew, mark you, one pound of flesh, not one iota more nor less; and if you shed one drop of blood your goods are forfeit to the state. Well, the Jew, he seen how it was, and he left."

SECOND CITIZEN.—Pretty deep, eh?

FIRST CITIZEN.—Oh, there 's some very elegant things in Shakspeare.

AT SOUND OF THE DINNER HORN.

ROBINSON CRUSOE.—Well, Friday, what have we for dinner to-day?

FRIDAY.—Goat soup, goat chops, boiled goat, roast goat —

ROBINSON CRUSOE.—Don't, Friday; I can't go't!

SOME MEN ride home and other men walk home; but the average New Yorker goes home hanging on a strap.



A VERY BAD BREAK.

HE.—What are the wild waves saying, SISTER?
(*And then he groaned to think of the blunder he'd made.*)

THE CIGARETTE is now sometimes included among widows' weeds.

DON'T WASTE your money going to Saratoga or Newport. If you visit your uncle Pegram at Punkin Hollow you can see your name in the county newspaper just as well.

SAMSON WAS the first man to get a gate on him.

MAY ACCOUNT FOR IT.

"No!" exclaimed Verser, "the American magazines have never yet discovered a poet."

"Perhaps because they are so used to having the poet discover them."

HEREDITARY HUMORS — The Chestnuts which are the Little Children of the Joke.



STRICTLY BUSINESS.

SPOKESMAN (*to MAYOR of Stratford-on-Avon*).—"The World's Fair Boom Association" of Chicago has app'nted us a committee to come over an' buy this 'ere old Shakspeare house, down the street. We've inspected her, an' she seems to be genooine. We want to ship her home an' set her up on the Fair grounds. Now, what 'll ye take fer her?"



AT DEWY MORN.

THE EAST is blushing,
The landscape flushing,
The water's glowing
A silver dream.
A faint light-billow
Illumes my pillow;
The rooster's crowing
With joy supreme.
The morning in shimmering gold is moulded,
The robin chants in the tree-top tall;
And at last the mosquito's softly folded
His murmurous wing on the cottage wall.

Where shadows darkle,
The dew-drops sparkle
On lilies, roses,
And other things.
And for the lakelet,
Ducklet and drakelet
Now point their noses
And spread their wings,
The flower that seems of the softest silk made
Cradles the bee on the mountain brow;
And out in the sunshine the rosy milkmaid
Adroitly manipulates the cow.

The frisky heifer
Inhales the zephyr,
Scented with clover,
Snowy and deep.
Though bent on rising,
With ease surprising
I turn me over
And fall asleep.
Oh, I drop in a cat-nap, sweet and soothing,
And wander through meadows green and bright,
And forget that the blooming infant, tooothing,
Has kept me prancing the floor all night.

R. K. M.

THE AMERICAN RIFLE TEAM.

BIGGS.—I did n't know that Bismarck cared much for Americans, but he seems to have acted very cordially toward a party who called on him a short time ago.

BOGGS.—Who were they?

BIGGS.—The paper gives their names—Diehl, Eisenhauer, Hoepfner, Koerber, Mahrenholz, Walschmidt, Splitdorf, Maas—

BOGGS.—Oh, I guess Bismarck likes the Yankees well enough.

PROBABLY SO.

"Wonder why landlords are always so hard up?"

"Because they get their pay in advance; sure temptation to squander it!"

IF THE CORK on the crest of a wave could think as man does, it would probably fancy that it was leading the tide.

A RONDEAU.

MIDSUMMER PUCK! Your readers—we
In dog-day raiment, loose and free—
Deplore your fate who still must grace
The title-page with smiling face,
In clothes that out of season be.

That grey plug-hat, as all may see,
Doth ill with Summer's rays agree;
Of yellow shoes you've not a trace,
MIDSUMMER PUCK!

For cap and sash, pray, make a plea,
With flannel breeches—to the knee,
And till that swallow-tail's embrace
A tennis-blazer shall replace,
Accept our heart-felt sympathies,
MIDSUMMER PUCK!

Philip Arnold.



CONSCIENTIOUS.

COTTAGER.—I ordered two dozen eggs yesterday, Mr. Crackers, and paid for them, but you only sent twenty.

MR. CRACKERS.—Wa-al, you see, four of 'em was bad; an' I knewed you would n't keer fer em.

DIFFICULT TO UNDERSTAND.

FRIEND.—Do you think the acceptance of sea-side cottages from mere speculators is compatible with official dignity?

THE PRESIDENT.—Official which?

FRIEND.—Official dignity.

THE PRESIDENT.—Wot's that?

SAVED AGAIN.

D. MOCRAT.—Your party won't do much pointing with pride at your next convention.

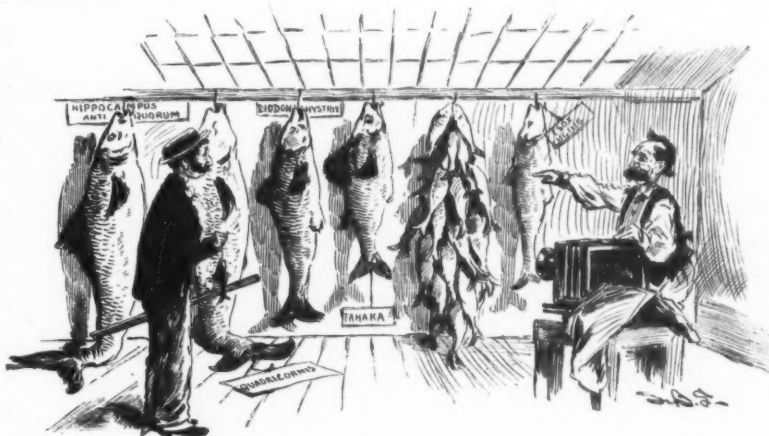
R. E. PUBLICAN.—Huh! Huh! We've saved the country from a great danger that everybody recognized.

D. MOCRAT.—What have you saved it from this time?

R. E. PUBLICAN.—A surplus.

WATERED SILK—An Umbrella.

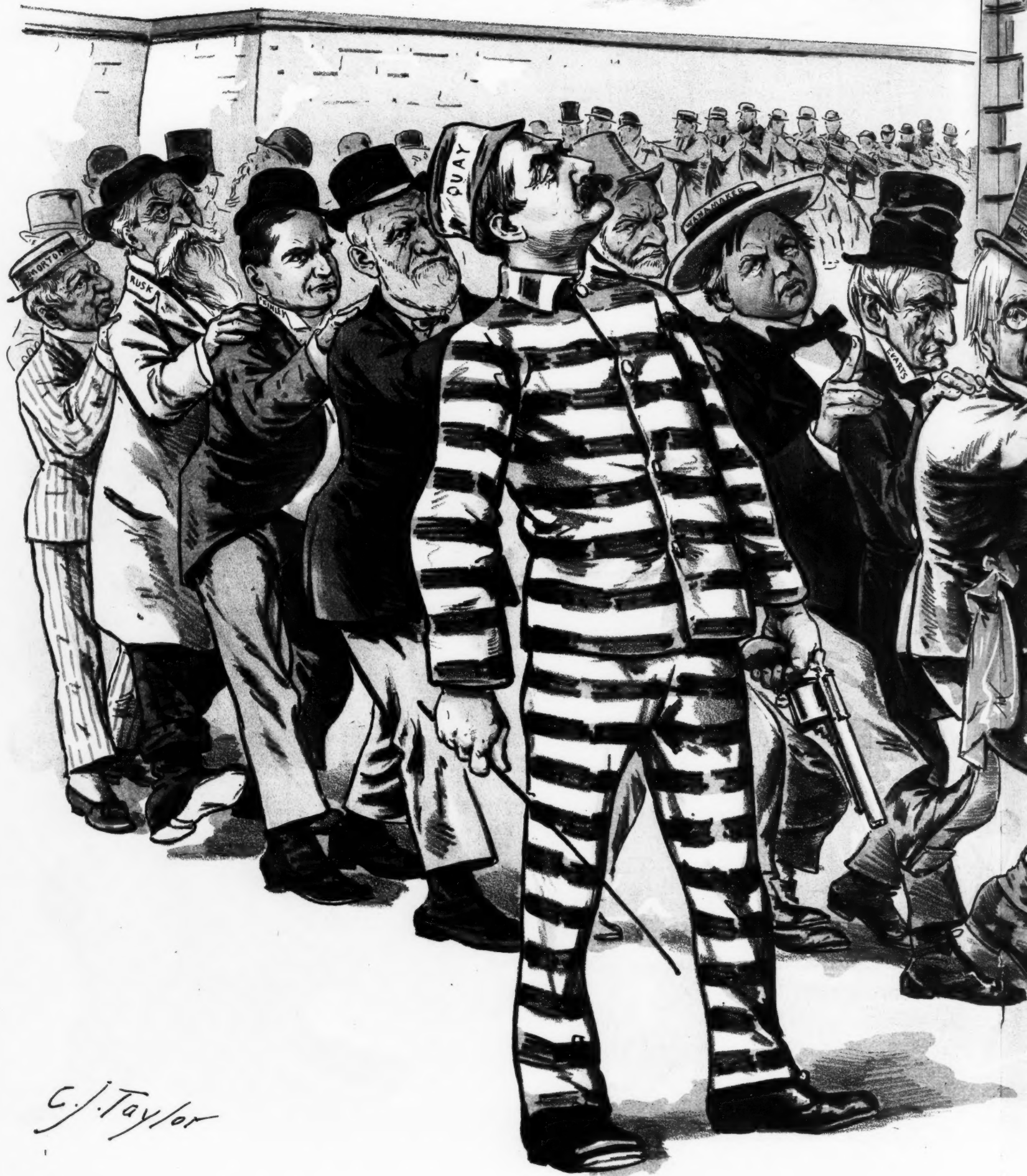
HE WHOM the Lord loveth he chasteneth; but John Wanamaker rejoices in a seat in the Cabinet.



AT THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

MR. WALTON.—I've just landed this muscalonge, and I want my picture taken with it to send round to my friends.

PROF. HEIPAU.—All right, sir. Put that minnow in your pocket, and take your pick of my justly celebrated papier maché piscine prodigies. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.



G.J. Taylor

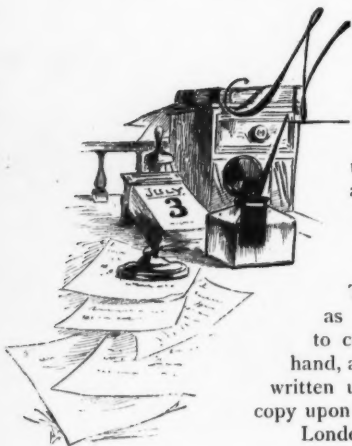
THEIR LATEST I
The Respectable Leaders of the "Grand Old Party" Compe

PUCK.

TEST DEGRADATION.
Party" Compelled to March at the Command of a Felon Overseer.

Party" Compelled to March at the Command of a Felon Overseer.

HELPFUL HINTS FOR WRITERS.



NUMBERING PAGES OF MANUSCRIPT.—I never number the pages of my MSS. until I have decided in my mind the order in which they should come. I then take an ordinary pen, and dip it about half way into a bottle of ink—some prefer writing fluid; but I always use ink—and number my pages 1, 2, 3, 4, and so on, until I have a number on each.

Boston, Mass.

W. DOWELLS.

TO COPY MANUSCRIPTS.—Long experience as a copyist has convinced me that the best way to copy manuscripts is to take a pen in my right hand, and placing a sheet of paper that has not been written upon before me, transcribe whatever I wish to copy upon it.

London, Eng.

RIDER RAGGED.

BLOTTING PAPER.—The most efficacious way to blot paper is to upset the ink upon it. The size of the blot, of course, depends upon the quantity of ink used.

England.

A. C. PIGBURNE.

FILING PUBLICATIONS.—I have found that filing publications is a long and tedious job. If I find an article in a publication that I deem not suitable for my family to read, I do not remove it with a file but with a long pair of shears; and inasmuch as waste-baskets are often picked over by those whose morals are sensitive, I never throw these articles into the basket, but paste them in a scrap-book kept for that purpose in my safe.

New York.

ANTHONY GOSTALK.

SCRAP-BOOKS.—I always use the *Congressional Record* for a scrap-book, pasting that which I wish to preserve over the printed matter.

Kansas.

J. J. JINGALLS.

TO SEE WHETHER EDITORS READ YOUR ARTICLES.—The best method is to paste your pages together, although I have frequently arranged the MS. in non-consecutive order for this purpose. This latter method I invariably use with stories of over 3,000 words in length. In 1881 a short story sent to the *Century*, with the pages numbered 1, 8, 4, 3, 6, 5, 7, 2 came back to me with a written slip saying that the article was not rejected because of lack of literary merit, but because it was irregular in its construction. Thus was the editor unwillingly convicted of not having read the story as it should have been read. The objection to this method in manuscript poems is that Boston periodicals prefer their poems to be constructed in that order, and I have had the humiliation of seeing one of my most polished poems appear with the last verse first, the first stanza in the middle and the intermediate verses in foot notes, the whole preceded by a discussion as to whether or not the American Browning had been discovered.

New York.

SAMUEL CLINTON SHERMAN.



MERELY AS A RELISH.

MR. BAREBOARD.—I tell ye, a man kin jest live on this mountain air!

MR. HOLLEREIDS.—Yes, as I have found out; but I think a little food now and then would help digestion wonderfully.

WHAT WONDER?

NEW YORK MAN (*in Chicago restaurant*).—This is the toughest soft shell crab I ever tackled, waiter.

WAITER.—It's de influence o' locality, sah; yo' 'd be tough yo'se'f if you stayed here long, sah.

REALISM IS TIRESOME.

ROMANCER.—International Copyright is not dead.

REALIST.—My dear sir, International Copyright never lived.

IN THE "MAIL AND EXPRESS" BUILDING.

VISITOR.—Where is Colonel Shepard's office?

BOY.—That's what we'd all like to know. Looks as if he was n't going to get any.

NO NEWS FROM THE MILL.

"How many States are there in the Union?"

"I dunno; have n't looked at the morning paper yet."

'RASTUS IN PUBLIC LIFE.

"They've put that old darkey 'Rastus on the Investigating Committee."

"He's an expert with whitewash."

COHEN'S FIRE ESCAPE.



AT THE WINDOW.



SHE STANDS at the window, her fair young face
Half hidden by curtains that partly enfold her —
A lovely arrangement in lilies and lace,
With a cobwebby something tossed over her shoulder.

He thinks, as he sits in his studio: "By Jingo,
A Summer in town will be horribly lonely,
And hot as the place where the sinners who sin go!"
Then he sighs, as he looks at her window, "If only —"

"If only," he sighs, while the vision grows
fainter,
And quite disappears as the blind is pulled
down;

"If only she'd give me an order to paint her,
I should make enough boodle to get out of town."

O. Herford.



"GOOD," IN A BUSINESS SENSE.

MR. CORNER.—Here's a good business outlook! The grain crops
of the whole world have turned out disastrously —

MRS. CORNER.—Mercy!

MR. CORNER, (*continuing*), except those of this country.

MRS. CORNER (*brightening*).—Why, John, we'll be able to go to
Europe next year!



PUCK'S PICTORIAL DEFINITIONS.
"Dancing in the Barn."

CONTRARY WILLIAM.

"Did you see my boy Willie this
morning?"
"Yep."
"Where was he going?"
"The other way, Mum."
"That's like him. He always
was contrary."

CHOKING HIM OFF.

MR. GOODOLE TYMES.—Now,
my mother's cooking —
MRS. TYMES (*interrupting*).
—Hush! It's horrible to speak
that way of the dead!

NEW CURE FOR INSOMNIA.

EDITOR'S WIFE.—Shall I
read you to sleep to-night, dear?

EDITOR.—Yes; if you please. My editorials in yesterday's
paper are just suited to the purpose.

E. W.—Which will you have, "Disaster and Disgrace," or
"By Fire and Sword?"

ED.—The very titles make me drowsy; but the one beginning
with "The Culmination of National Calamity Has Arrived" is the
best. (*Snores peacefully at the end of the third paragraph.*)

OLD HEADS AND YOUNG HEARTS.

"Now, Samuel," said his doting mother, "you are going to
see one o' the nicest girls to-night that ever came to this town, and
I want you to make a good impression. Now, the way to do that
is to show appreciation. As some one says: 'Be a good listener.'
Now, don't you forget it."

"I won't, Mother," answered the dutiful Samuel.

At another house, the one to which Samuel's feet were tending,
a loving aunt was saying to her visiting niece: "Now, if Sam comes
don't you rattle on as if you had n't any brains. Just you keep
quiet, and let him do the talking. He'll like you all the better for it."

To this day those match-making women can't understand why
those two young folk despise each other.

CHEATED.

"What are you crying about, little man?"

"I gotter stummich ache."

"Does it hurt much?"

"Oh, I don't mind that; but I on'y had one piece o' pie. Could n't
had more stummich ache 'f I'd eat ten pieces — boo — hoo — hoo!"

HISTORY ALL WRONG.

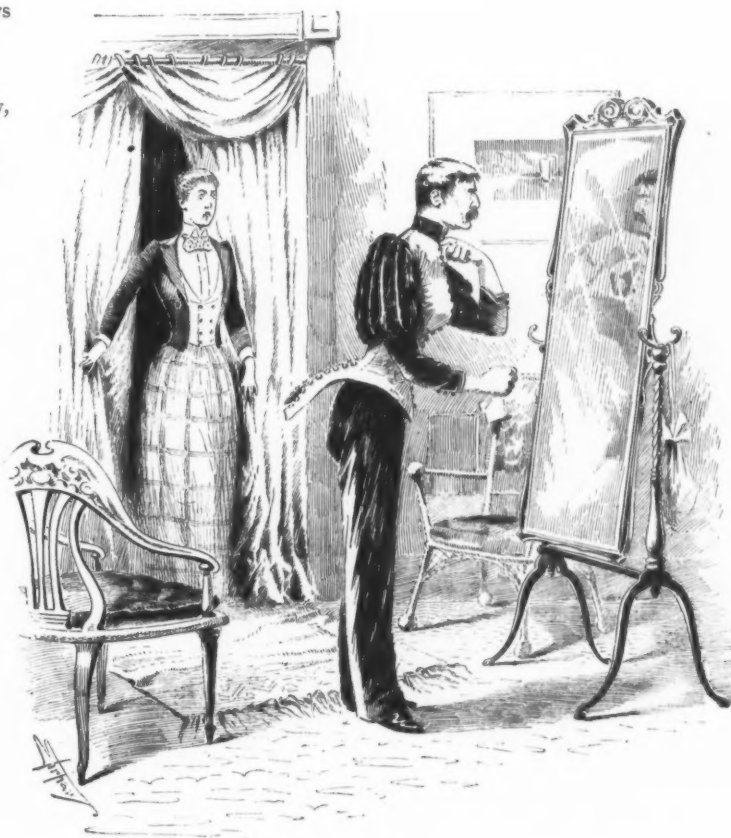
HISTORICAL EDITOR (*Great Daily*).—A reader asked for the names
of the Bostonians who participated in the famous "tea party," which
dumped the British taxed tea into Boston harbor. I found the list in
an old print and sent it to the composing room; but I am told you ordered
it out.

MANAGING EDITOR.—Indade Oi did thot. Sure thot list was all
wrong. There was n't any Oirish names in it at all, at all — exceiptin' one,
an' he wor a Scotchman.

REPARTEE.

"I kin lick you with both hands tied behind my back."

"Yes, you'll die some day wif both yer han's tied behine yer back."



IN EXTREMIS.

MRS. PRUNELLE.—What in the world are you doing, Robert?

MR. PRUNELLE.—Since that feminine craze for men's linen
came in, you've indulged in it so that this is the only thing I
can find to put on.

"A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE!"

SAYS THE OLD ADAGE, BUT A CRAMP BEFORE YOU ARE PROVIDED WITH A BOTTLE OF THE GENUINE

Ed. Brown's
Ginger

ESTABLISHED 1822, PHILADELPHIA, PA. U. S. A.

MAY HAVE VERY SERIOUS RESULTS.

LOOK OUT FOR RED LABEL ADOPTED TO MEET FRAUDS.

DECKER BROTHERS' PIANOS
33 UNION SQUARE NEW YORK

NOT A RECOMMENDATION.

"Dem clodings, mine vrindt, maag you look like President Harrison."

"Then I don't want them."

"Vy nod?"

"Because the President does n't dress as well as I want to."—*Boston Courier.*

SUMMER RESORTS.



This Popular and Select Hotel has been opened for the Season of 1890 on Saturday, June 21st.

To its former patrons, and others who desire to investigate its advantages, full particulars and plans will be furnished on application at the Howland Hotel, or at the Albemarle Hotel, Madison Square, New York.

Of JANVRIN & WALTER, Prop'r's HENRY WALTER, Proprietor, Albemarle Hotel, N. Y.

THE KAATERSKILL

EXPRESS THROUGH TRAINS leave via West Shore R. R. from West 42d Street, New York, 10:45, 11:30 A. M. and 3:45 P. M. SATURDAY'S SPECIAL, 1:15 P. M. at Reduced Fare.

W. F. PAIGE, KAATERSKILL P. O., N. Y.

WILD WEST SHOW at BOWERY BAY BEACH

The Most Beautiful and Popular Family Resort.

Only twenty minutes' sail from New York. DAILY by elegant Steamboats from East 90th St., 12 M., 2, 4, 6, 8 P. M. Also from Harlem Bridge, 120th St. and 3d Ave., 10, 12 A. M., 2, 3, 5, 7 P. M., directly to Grand Pier, Bowery Bay Beach. Fare 10c.; children half price. Also by horse railroad from East 92d and 34th St. Ferries, New York. R. R. fare 5 cents. SUNDAYS from East 90th St., 10, 11 A. M., 12 M., 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8 P. M. Also from Harlem Bridge, 120th St. and 3d Ave., 10 and 12 A. M., then Half-hourly to 10 P. M. directly to Grand Pier, Bowery Bay Beach. Fare 10c., children half price. Also by horse railroad from 92d St. (Astoria) ferry, from 6 A. M. until midnight. Fare 10 cents. 945

HENRY LINDENMEYER,
PAPER WAREHOUSE.

NO. 15 & 17 BEEKMAN STREET.
BRANCH, 31, 33, 35 & 37 EAST HOUNSON ST. NEW YORK.

THAT MADE A DIFFERENCE.
MISS DE SIMPER.—I want to buy a diamond necklace.

JEWELER.—Something worth about \$1,500?

MISS DE SIMPER.—Oh, my! I am an actress and want something positively stunning.

JEWELER.—I see. Here is one with fifteen 4 carat stones. I can sell you that for \$13.00.—*Jewelers' Weekly.*

"IN THE '400' AND OUT."—PRICE, \$1.

EDITORIAL from a New York daily: "It is to be hoped that for their own sake, as well as that of the country, the people of Louisiana will put an effective veto upon the pernicious system that is condemned by the moral sentiment of every civilized community, and is branded as a crime by the laws of every other State in the Union. The result of the last drawing will be found in our advertising columns."—*Norristown Herald.*

30 cts. "PUCK'S OPPER BOOK." 30 cts.

MISS A.—I wonder why angels are always represented as women?

MISS B.—I guess it is because men never go to heaven.

MISS A. (with decision).—Then I don't want to go there.—*Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.*

NEW KODAKS



"You press the button,
we do the rest."

Seven new Styles and Sizes

ALL LOADED WITH Transparent Films.

For sale by all Photo. Stock Dealers.

THE EASTMAN COMPANY,

Send for Catalogue. ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Londonderry
SPRING LITHIA WATER

SPARKLING AND STILL.

FINEST TABLE WATER ON THE MARKET.

Used at all leading HOTELS and CLUBS.

Sold by first-class Grocers and Druggists.

Main Office, Nashua, N. H.

New York, 223 Broadway.

Send for Pamphlet.

\$75.00 to \$250.00 A MONTH can be made working for us. Persons preferred who can furnish a horse and give their whole time to the business. Spare moments may be profitably employed also. A few vacancies in towns and cities. B. F. JOHNSON & CO., 1009 Main St., Richmond, Va. 855*

ASTHMA-HAY FEVER
CURED. BY MAIL TO SUFFERERS. FREE
Dr. R. SCHIFFMAN, St. Paul, Minn. 981

"Dashaway"

CAW'S
"Dashaway"
PEN,

A DOUBLE-FEED
FOUNTAIN PEN

That Never Fails.

CAW'S "STYLOGRAPHIC" PEN.

Simplest, Cheapest and Best. A Perfect Substitute for Pen, Pencil and Ink-stand.

Inquire of any stationer, or send for particulars to

CAW'S INK & PEN COMPANY
104 BROADWAY NEW YORK.



CAW'S
Black Fluid
INK,

WRITES BLACK,
STAYS BLACK.
Does Not Corrode
Pens.

THE CELEBRATED SOHMER PIANOS

Are at Present the Most Popular and Preferred by Leading Artists.
Warerooms: 149, 151, 153, 155 E. 14th St., N. Y.

SOHMER & CO.

CHICAGO, ILL., 236 State Street.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Union Club B'd'g.
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WILHELMSQUELLE (BLUE LABEL) KRONTHAL (RED LABEL)

Natural Mineral Waters

From the famous springs of BAD KRONTHAL, TAUNUS, GERMANY. Best of Table waters of great digestive qualities. For sale by all leading groceries, liquor dealers and druggists.

GALWEY & FELDMANN, NEW YORK, SOLE AGENTS. 696



THE Marquis del Real Socorro of Havana is at the Metropole Hotel, New York. His name sounds like a new brand for imported cigars.—*N. O. Picayune.*

THE LATEST AND BEST.



DELICATE, DELIGHTFUL, LASTING AND ECONOMICAL. Its fragrance is that of the opening buds of Spring. Once used you will have no other.

Sold Everywhere. Try It.

JAS. S. KIRK & CO., Chicago.

SANITAS
Non-Poisonous
Disinfectants

ROBERT REYNOLDS, M. D., Prof. Physiology, &c., Med. Dept. Howard University, Washington, D. C., writes: "I take pleasure in commending the 'Sanitas' preparations as very reliable disinfectants and deodorizers. They possess the great advantages of being without offensive odor, of being unobnoxious, and not being poisonous. This combination of good qualities is not found in any other disinfectant in ordinary use."

FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS.

For Reports by Medical and Chemical Experts, prices in bulk, etc., apply to the

Factory, 636-642 West 55th Street, N. Y. 675

IT'S NEEDED.

"Give me a glass of water and a toothpick," said St. Agedore to the waiter.
 "As a matter of curiosity," said his friend, "why do you ask for a toothpick?"
 "This is Missouri River water, dear boy." — *St. Joseph News.*

5th Crop, PICKINGS FROM PUCK. 25c.

THEY are having a terrible time in New York about the disposal in Central Park of the few mangy neglected animals that they call a menagerie there. The best thing for them to do is to sell out or give away the poor beasts and birds, for there never will be public spirit enough in New York to maintain any Zoological garden except the board of aldermen. — *Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

As a genuinely "comic" artist, Frederick Oppen, of PUCK's staff, stands at the head of his profession. The fun of his designs is apparent without the aid of explanatory text, as any one can see by consulting "This Funny World," reprinted from PUCK. For warm weather reading it fills the bill. Price 30 cents. — *Norristown Herald.*

30c. "THIS FUNNY WORLD AS PUCK SEES IT." 30c.

BOSS.—I've lost my time-book, Pat, and I'll have to depend upon your honesty as to how many days you've put in this month.

PAT.—Well, begor, let me see; I think it do be thirty-two, sor. — *Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.*

HAPPENED IN NEW YORK.

SALVATION ARMY MAN.—My friend, are you prepared to die?

MAN FROM TEXAS.—Well, I can't say as I am; but I've lived down on the Rio Grande so long that I reckon I'm pretty well acclimated. — *Louisville Courier Journal.*

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhoea. 25 cents a bottle.

J. Michelsen BAY RUM
 From St. Thomas, West Indies. NINE MEDALS AT LEADING EXPOSITIONS.
 The best. Ask your dealer for it. None genuine without above signature. H. MICHELSEN.

"I advise all parents to have their boys and girls taught shorthand-writing and type-writing. A stenographer who can type-write his notes would be safer from poverty than a great Greek scholar." CHARLES READE, on "The Coming Man."

Remington Standard Typewriter.



WYCKOFF, SEAMANS & BENEDICT,
 New York.

If with to-morrow all borrowing were to cease, the debts of to-day would about all go unpaid. — *Kate Field's Washington.*

WRIGHT & DITSON, LARGEST MAKERS OF FINE LAWN TENNIS GOODS IN THE WORLD.



(Send for Catalogue.) 508 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON, MASS.

No Other Cigar Has Such a Record as

TANSILL'S PUNCH 5¢

OUR SPECIALTIES.
 CHAMPIONSHIP BALL.
 Adopted by every association of note in the UNITED STATES and CANADA. RACKETS: SEARS' SPECIAL, "CHASE," "PETTIT," "CLUB," "LONGWOOD," "PARK," "HUB," "SURPRISE," and "STAR."

WRIGHT & DITSON'S OFFICIAL LAWN TENNIS GUIDE, Containing Rules, Photographs of Players, Articles on the Game, etc. By Mail, 15 Cents. 901*

GOOD FUN LASTS FOREVER.



30 Cents. By MAIL, 35 Cents.

What Causes Pimples?

Clogging of the sebaceous glands with sebum. The plug of sebum in the centre of the pimple is called a blackhead or comedone.

What Cures Pimples?

The only really successful treatment for pimples, blackheads and all facial blemishes is



CUTICURA SOAP

A marvellous beautifier of world-wide celebrity, CUTICURA SOAP is simply incomparable as a Skin Purifying Soap, unequalled for the Toilet and without a rival for the Nursery. Absolutely pure, delicately medicated, exquisitely perfumed, it produces the whitest, clearest skin and softest hands, and prevents inflammation and clogging of the pores, the cause of pimples, blackheads, and most complexional disfigurements, while it admits of no comparison with the best of other skin soaps, and rivals in delicacy the most noted and expensive of toilet and nursery soaps. For the prevention of freckles, tan, and sunburn, red, rough, and oily skin, and for giving a brilliancy and freshness to the complexion, it is without a peer. In a word, it purifies, beautifies, and preserves the skin as no other soap does, and hence its sale is greater than the combined sales of all other skin soaps. Sold throughout the civilized world. Price, 25 cents. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Proprietors, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

"ALL ABOUT THE SKIN" mailed free to any address, 64 pages, 300 Diseases, 50 Illustrations, 100 Testimonials. A book of priceless value, and affording information not obtainable elsewhere.

Skins on Fire with Itching and Burning Eczemas, and other itching, scaly, and blotchy skin and scalp diseases, are relieved by a single application, and speedily, permanently, and economically cured by Cuticura Remedies, the greatest Skin Cures, Blood Purifiers, and Humor Remedies of modern times. This is strong language, but every word of it is true as proven by hundreds of grateful testimonials. Use them now. Summer, when the pores open freely, is the best time to cure skin diseases.

A SKY-LIGHT—The Sun.—Prison Mirror.



THE HARTFORD SAFETY.
 THE BEST \$100 BICYCLE MADE.
 Can be adjusted to fit any person, from a boy of 14 to a full-grown man.

Catalogue Free.
 HARTFORD CYCLE CO.,
 HARTFORD, CONN.

THE ONLY PRACTICAL LOW-PRICED
\$15 TYPEWRITER

Catalogue free. Address Typewriter Department, POPE MANUFACTURING CO., Boston, New York, Chicago.



WRIGHT'S MYRRH TOOTH SOAP.

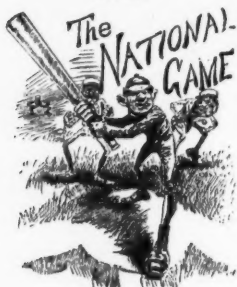
Gives Pearly White Teeth, Ruby Gums, Pure Breath, Cooling and Refreshing. 35 cts. Send for book "Care of Teeth" free. Wright & Co., Chemists, Detroit, Mich. Also in liquid or powder form.

A BLACKING BOX—One in the Eye.—Prison Mirror.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS EXPOSITION, 1889.
 THE MOST PERFECT OF PENS.

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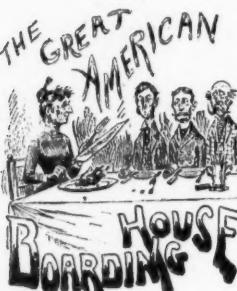
Being Puck's Best Things About Base-ball.

PUCK'S LIBRARY
No. 3:



Being Puck's Best Things About that Amosin' Animile.

PUCK'S LIBRARY
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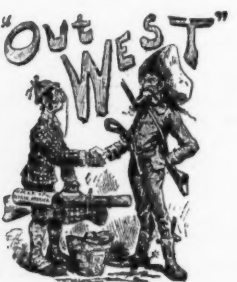
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PUCK'S LIBRARY
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PUCK'S LIBRARY
No. 18:



Being Puck's Best Things About The Wild and Woolly Wilderness.

PUCK'S LIBRARY.

An Illustrated Humorous Magazine, Published on the 15th of each Month.
10 CENTS PER COPY. \$1.20 PER YEAR.

The following Numbers have appeared and can ALWAYS be obtained from Newsdealers, or from the Publishers on receipt of the price, 10 cents per copy.

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Being Puck's Best Things About the Merry Rustic and His Ways.

PUCK'S LIBRARY
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Being Puck's Best Things About Our Household Angels.

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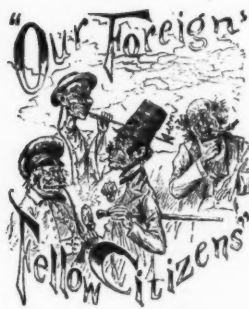
Being Puck's Best Things About the World of Fashion and Frivolity.

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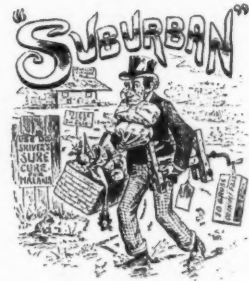
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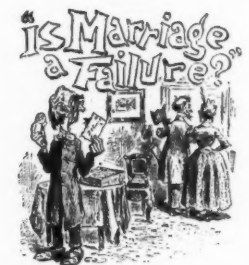
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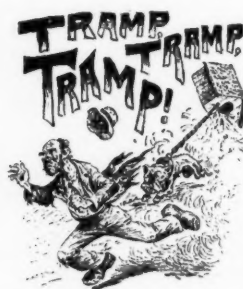
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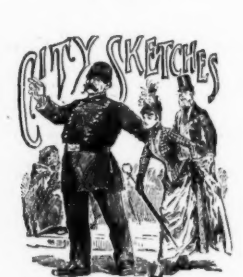
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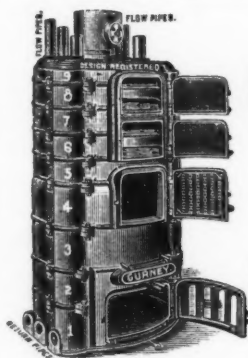
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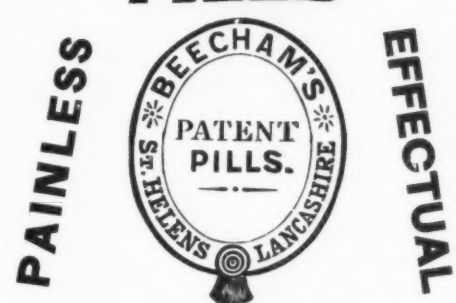
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